



# CONFESSIONS OF A MIXER

By SHEGETARO MORIKUBO, D. C.

WHEN a man owns his error, however humiliating such self-disclosure may be to the individual, its effect is wholesome. He has triumphed himself and therefore has progressed one step in the right direction. His victory, which is no small thing, is the reward to the man who has thus established the true relation with his fellow men by confessing his error and by correcting it.

Such a reward now is mine. Since I entered the Chiropractic profession, I have been enjoying a local reputation and have had the confidence and support of my patients and of those who know me intimately. Amidst prosperity and success in more than one way, I have not been strictly honest with myself. I have been "mixing," in which I have never believed, but into which I have been led.

Two factors influenced me to go astray. One, the lack of proper understanding of the range of Chiropractic; the other, financial consideration.

A proper understanding of the range of Chiropractic would have saved me from falling into this error, but I did not have it, and was therefore misled to "mix." At the beginning of my professional career, enthusiasm created by feeling rather than by understanding, filled me, and I had gone beyond the range of Chiropractic in ideas and in practice. I was possessed with the idea that Chiropractic adjustment could nearly raise the dead. In actual practice I found, to my disappointment, that I could not remove the cause of some diseases. This, I admit, may have been due to my inability rather than the limitation of the science. As is generally the case with young aspirants, if big "I" cannot accomplish a task, no one else can do it. I



blamed Chiropractic for my failure. I imagined I could increase my capacity for doing good by adding an extra knowledge to my small store. I accordingly decided to take up electropathy.

Thus far my conscience was clear, as I was sincere in my new undertaking. After I had mastered the fundamental principles of electropathy, however, I came face to face with a problem. At this juncture I wavered and shunned the issue. Instead of abandoning one or the other, I appropriated both and became a "mixer." The problem should have been met courageously and candidly. I should not have practiced electropathy under the name of Chiropractic. No one, whether he is sincere or not, whether his knowledge is broad or narrow, can reconcile the fundamentally different principles of these two sciences. According to electropathy, the cause of disease in men is due to chemical disturbance; whereas Chiropractic sets forth the principle that subluxation

is the cause of disease. Electropathy endeavors to eliminate diseases by chemicalization, while Chiropractic adjusts subluxated vertebrae, thereby removing primal cause of disease. These two different principles can never be reconciled with each other. I should have been honest enough at least to devote myself wholly to Chiropractic, and to reject electropathy. But I did not do so. Why did I fail to do the right thing?

Here is the reason — commercial instinct. I invested a few thousand dollars in electric appliances, most of which have been manufactured solely for commercial reasons. Most of them are constructed to develop something spectacular in their operation. The sight of these adjuncts, whose functions nobody, even the inventors themselves seem to know, is inviting to prospective patients. A large majority of my patients liked electric treatment and wanted it, either because its stimulating effect produced an agreeable sensation, or else they felt they received their "money's worth." In the meantime I gained in popularity and my trade flourished.

A friend of mine asked me once if I ever believed in electropathy. I never did, I was a hypocrite. I could not believe in the theory that diseases can be cured by "polarization," a scientific subterfuge. If firemen had no water or the chemical elements to put out fire, a mere maneuvering of empty hoses, no matter how huge or how formidable they may appear, will not extinguish fire. Human disease is incurable by a method that merely shifts the position of acid and alkali products in the body. My experience with electropathy has been that the action of electric current upon the living body in whatever form, be it galvanic, faradic,

static, sinusoidal, high frequency, or what not, affects the body in two opposite ways — stimulating and sedating, in one way or another, violently or mildly.

As these two methods are different in principles, the results of their application, I found, are correspondingly different. The patients on whom I used electric current, although they seemed to have been refreshed and felt better after each treatment, did not recover their health as rapidly as those to whom I gave only adjustments, though the extent of the subluxation of the latter was no less extensive than those of the former. This fact can readily be understood. Electric current develops an abnormal condition of the nerves and the nerve cells either by stimulating or sedating them. In other words, electric current interferes with the transmission of the nerve impulse either by stimulating or inhibiting the nerves, thereby disturbing the balance of their functions. The results obtained by the application of these principles are in a nutshell as follows: The application of electric current develops a pathological condition by disturbing the balance of the nervous system; Chiropractic adjustment removes the cause that develops the abnormal condition of the nervous system.

When I realized how much the application of electric current had retarded the progress of the health of my patients, after I had carefully studied the records and statistics I compiled during several years of my practice, I no longer could continue wearing the mask of hypocrisy. Once the fact that I played a dishonest part in the Chiropractic profession impressed me, my better self asserted itself, and I decided to make the confession at once. I closed my office for a few days to remove all the adjuncts, from my office to the ash pile. The things which I found to be worthless I would not sell. The biggest apparatus, that cost me one thousand dollars, was taken into a curio shop, where it now stands. Next I explained to my patients about the change of my method. Only three of my patients criticized me and disapproved the position I had taken. The confession was not pleasant; yet the moral victory I

won brought with it some elevating influence. Once more I worked with a clear conscience and with enthusiasm.

After I came to my senses I studied my past, present and future as a chiropractor. Ten years of chaos confounded my mental life. Ten years of the most productive years of my life, so far as the Chiropractic profession is concerned, have been wasted—all through one false step, one small temptation. Truly, the retribution has been severe, but why should I complain? I have sown the seeds and I have harvested.

Oblivion is one thing; degeneracy of Chiropractic at my hand is another thing that is the outcome of my error. When I jealously advocated pure and unadulterated Chiropractic, my future place in the Chiropractic profession was promising, and I dreamed I would closely follow B. J. Palmer's footsteps. More than once I have been flattered for the little service I offered to the Chiropractic profession. With the severance of my connection with the ICA I broke away from all progressive Chiropractors and from scientific Chiropractic, and was forgotten by the live members of the profession. This was bad enough, but the worst had yet to come.

Chiropractic at my own hands degenerated. This is truly a tragic event in my life. When I took up Chiropractic as a profession, I resolved to give my all to the science, and intended to contribute something to its development. But after I began to "mix," I forgot all about my intention and resolution. I seemed to forget my mission as a chiropractor, and drifted away without a purpose. The following two years after I was graduated from The Palmer School of Chiropractic, while enthusiasm, expectation, and hope stimulated and guided my mental action in relation to the Chiropractic profession, I did a work creditable to a progressive chiropractor. During those two years I challenged a medical board, and together with B. J. Palmer and the ICA we defeated and humbled a high-handed, arrogant medical autocrat, won the fight which was, according to Judge Blindly, who presided over our trial, the hardest fought battle

in LaCrosse county in sixteen years. During those two years I perfected the cervical movement. I also gathered materials sufficient to publish a book on a new etiology, but it has never seen daylight. The halftone plates are either lost or broken. The unfinished manuscript is eaten by the moth. The whole work is wasted because the enthusiasm that once burned in me had extinguished. Truly my error cost me dear; but the lesson I have learned will not be lost. It may do good to some chiropractors who are now erring.

The remarks are not made to brag about my little accomplishment in Chiropractic, but they are made to show the reader how the science degenerates in the hands of a "mixer." He who would attempt to refute this statement has to point out one single "mixer" who has contributed anything to the development of the science and to diffuse the knowledge of Chiropractic.

The still, small voice has not whispered to me in vain. I am now a free man. I have broken away from the evil that has so long enthralled me. I am no longer the traitor—traitor that I was. Now I can truly say I am a chiropractor. The same enthusiasm that once filled me to the brim but had died away, is now resurrecting itself, and the glint of fire that has nearly been extinct in me, is again glowing into a flame. Whatever may be my future status in the Chiropractic profession, I have this consolation. In the future whosoever will serve to confuse the identity of Chiropractic and to corrupt its principles; whosoever may be a traitor to the greatest science of our day, I will not be the culprit. I stand from this day forth, as I had stood at the beginning of my professional career, for the principle discovered and enunciated by D. D. Palmer, and developed by his son, B. J. Palmer. I stand for pure and unadulterated Chiropractic, forever.

\* \* \*

#### AFTER

First Gentleman—"Did you get home last night before the storm?"

Second Gentleman—"That was when it started."—Western Christian Advocate, Cincinnati.)